

***Ethos***

***of***

***Life***

by  
Greg Norton

My senses glean  
that certain look  
from within your skies  
that fortells of bliss divine..

The heavens above  
surely know  
how my mind has  
wrapped itself around your being  
as my eyes perceive  
the inner warmth  
of your form.

And from within, now,

I find a plateau of certainty  
in the midst of life's turbulence  
that fortells the intertwining reaches  
of all our tomorrows,  
and which,  
arriving beforehand,  
spells happiness today.

To locate a separate peace  
allows for individuality to thrive

even in the world.

Truely, adults such as these  
are called 'distinguished.'

They are strictly original.

If it sounds or looks  
like anything else, then really,  
it can't be a prized commodity.

To be a fount  
of intellectual newness,  
you form a literal dynamic upheaval  
in the flow of nature.

This is not a pretty sight,  
particularly in the early

firey transformative stage.

Morning brings a distinct beginning,  
and thru an expansion into  
the sphere of the greater world  
there comes a deepening  
of character and consciousness.

Within the within,  
in a timeless dimension

of spectacular proportions...

Ascending, expanding boundlessly,  
simply dwelling on the leading edge  
of the cascading envelope of  
moments...

Worlds within worlds, reshaping,  
redefining one another,  
within a morphing, evolving  
Universe...

Fractels blossoming easily  
within one another,  
guided always by the steady hands  
of the great 'time.'

But then, later, in the morning,

when inner vision is away from you,  
quietly replenishing itself on the new,  
the vast cosmos will lie beyond your  
grasp,  
and your tasks will be of the ordinary.

yet, within this ordinary livelihood,  
perhaps variables will coalesce,  
and fractal planes will mesh,  
blossoming, just outside your  
awareness,  
and infinitely wondrous realities  
may come into existence,  
and your spirit will be enlivened,  
and you will feel young again.

When one has entered  
into the flow of life,  
and freed his or herself  
from the confining  
constraints of illusion,  
the separate-self identity,  
then the true progression  
of events may be observed.

As one becomes  
aware of what  
is happening around him...  
all of the events



in their progression...  
then he or she  
may consider themselves  
to be a full-fledged member  
of the Universe,  
a true enlightened being.

For, it is within the within,  
in the meditations  
upon the deep reality  
of the *occurrence* and *placement* of  
events,  
as they become expressed  
of quantum as well  
as cosmic perspectives,  
that one may instinctively  
clear his or her mind of all dross.

It is within  
the precise placement  
of events upon the living face  
of your consciousness  
that you commune with the All.

It is within this continual happening,  
in all of its variety,  
that the eternal 'space-time continuum'  
does find an immaculate expressive  
pallate,  
which the enlightened one  
may perceive thru *inner vision alone*,  
and thus experience a *true meditation*.

Looking always  
out for ones own self  
can be a tricky game.

Surely, it could be said  
that the most honest mission  
is one of the living for others  
as well as ones self,  
and for the good of ones own mind.

For finally,  
after all things are considered,  
who among us can really claim  
absolute authorship

of his or her own self?

And maybe results  
will be minimal.

Superceeding the fear  
of running down blind alleys,  
one simply moves forward  
in the moment,  
somehow hoping that things and gain  
will be done.

Any given dance  
may be short,  
or longer.

Such may go on all night.

And let it not be thought  
that these which you see  
are the perfect words  
of some kind of singularity.

Such is simply well learned in art,  
yet improvised and often reflective of  
mood,  
or state of the artists mind,  
and is also well allowed  
of touching up any given piece  
throughout,  
for self preservation.

For instance,  
I just went back and re-read,  
and then changed paragraph two  
from 'the truest mission is one of the

living for others...'  
to '...the most honest mission is one...'

So you see, I apply a critical vision  
to whatever comes forth,  
but such vision  
is often brought forth  
by seeing the words in print.

(And I'll just say here,  
that the last line was a tricky one,  
for by saying  
'but *this* is brought forth  
by seeing the words in print.'  
would have implied a reference to  
'whatever comes forth,'  
and so was decided  
to use 'but *such vision*

is brought forth by seeing the words in  
print.',  
so as to place the meaning in proper  
line.

And finally,  
here in this explanation,  
'in proper place'  
may have lent self-failing character  
to the last statement,  
so the word 'line'  
was conceded.)

Sounds rather complex,  
to state it so,  
but really just aesthetics,  
techniques of preserving  
one's self from disgrace.

Takes above all else  
a sensitive vision keen on perceiving  
every flow, vortex,  
or chaos formed  
around each keystroke.

Even tho all this is true,  
the greater truth  
is that men and women  
make mistakes,  
and should learn from them.



What if... who knows.

In this way may you acknowledge  
the completeness of the cosmos,  
in it's sounding affirmation  
of what was already.

In this way  
may you approximate your  
relationship  
to the different futures  
which were not meant to be.

And in time,  
may our distances be bridged  
by those threads of meaning we

allow...  
forming starlight within  
to gently displace the shadows,  
and if only for a moment,  
bringing the brilliant light of day.

\*\*\*\*

May each prayer  
find its pronunciation rewarded,  
may each chants meanings  
become the echoing sentiments  
of the whole host.

The things and truths  
which most make  
men and women truly free,  
in this great land of opportunity,  
are these, the substantive gifts  
proffered freely from within  
the human minds  
seemingly endless bounty  
of resourcefulness.

Carefully discarding all but the most  
brilliant understandings,  
seeming to admonish  
and contain simultaneously  
those energies which have led

into brick walls,  
any given man may easily locate paths  
which may truthfully lead upwards.

Heaven forgive the prophets of doom!

These, too,  
have found their own truest paths,  
and have arrived at understandings  
which could be seen to be useful,  
beneficial.

To diminish the dark  
is to arrive at a place of light.

To lift up the light  
is to sail boundlessly  
into the future.

Friendship evokes  
greater still closeness,  
and oneness.

Who are the dancers?  
And the inner lights?

These are those  
with full control of language,  
of expression.

Conjuring forth dreams  
thru the apprehension  
of a true source of beauty.

While thought  
may be brought forth  
at any time,  
it is mainly thru the knowing  
of ones own self  
that benefit  
can be accrued.

Quanta of light,  
packets of energy in space.  
Such are the form and flow  
of the improvised writing.

Looking at the oak tree,  
cast asunder by summer lightening.

Feeling the heat  
of the mid-day sun,  
upon ones neck and shoulders.

While men seek  
after fury, and disarray,  
lovers tend to go astray.

Knowing how to quietly travel,  
without impacting  
that which we depend upon,  
these ways lead to longevity,  
and respect.

Finding what one needs

to ensure his or her survival,  
while soothing the spirits,  
who know,  
thusly do men and women  
sustain themselves over time.

Environments are given thru grace.  
Such ought to be cherished,  
and nurtured.



"One may know  
many beautiful truths  
solely by that which is within." - The  
Old Master

The most sought after benefits  
of material endeavor  
include richness of intellect,  
and security.

While the man of separate peace is  
content,  
he finds a sense of accomplishment  
in spreading his knowledge.

It's true that the self-actualized child  
in time wields both innocence and  
sophistication.

When one has a vision,  
then his or her actions are cohesive,  
purposeful.

Although a work of art  
may in time find it's way  
into the hands  
of its intended audience,  
no man can make another see.



For the inexperienced child,  
knowledge of the world  
may come only at a cost,  
while carrying great eventual benefit.

Let it be known  
that there is an intellectual world,  
with figures and authorities.

Great change can be effected  
within the whole  
by the subtle strength  
of the within.

This is highly apparant  
in the myriad material  
accomplishments  
of the well versed architects of society,  
the scientists, technologists,  
builders, those in possession of tested  
material skills.

I feel that artisans  
and humble craftsmen  
are also capable  
of effecting transformation  
within their own spheres.

Each man wants to find  
his relative self-worth,  
and to live in substantive freedom  
from fear, ignorance, and suffering.

Although all men  
prize gentleness and compassion,  
the apparant reality of life  
can be one of strictest competition,  
where there are actual winners,  
as well as those who find defeat.

Would one gain leverage  
over his or her fears,  
he might start  
by beginning to de-mystify  
their substantive powers.

In this way  
he or she might plumb  
his own hidden depths.

Thru this he might transform  
his own apparant karma,  
or caste,  
and begin to answer  
his psyches persistent questions.

He might in time  
loosen the bindings

which hold him in his past.

This is the actual benefit  
of the gentle systems,  
the modern spheres  
of the healing arts.

One  
wonders...  
of the 'mysterious feminine,'  
what can be said?

*Born of fire,  
situated within  
legacy and doctrine,  
having firmly planted roots  
within a known structure...*

Strong of character,  
and constitution...

Having also a quantity of suchness,  
free inter-change  
of liquid soul... charms...

*But, also knowing  
gravity of being,  
and personal responsibility.*

These are component essence  
within the spirit of nurture...  
of *nature*.

*Knowing the organic,  
nurture itself tends toward  
inaction and passiveness...  
it both answers questions,  
and demands answers.*

Mindful of both  
inner and outer landscapes,  
such is beautiful.

*Different times ago,  
it acquired it's benefit.*

This one expresses no desire,



and therefore stimulates the deeps.

*She can evoke honest responses,  
and bring about action.*

Even the kind adult mind  
brings weight to bear  
on the one of innocence,  
therefore, all concessions and  
allowances  
are made in that direction.

*Knowing this,  
the thoughtful one travels  
with humility, and grace.*

Going forward, in immediacy,  
newness, and suppleness,

this one knows her own strength.

She is conscious of the dimensions  
of her body,  
and the color of her soul...

*Having entertained, and allowed,  
she is unkind to transgression.*

The Earth is truly  
a great and beautiful  
blue-green gem of the galaxy.

Take care of it,  
for as you know,  
it is exceedingly difficult  
to find another place like it.  
We entered into the flow of existence  
throughout time...

Time is truly times,  
and times...  
times.

Minutes, seconds, hours...  
the Gods use all types of time  
diffraction...  
dilation...

stretching, and altering...

Now if one is wondering  
who that lovely personage might just  
be,  
well, in my opinion,  
she is a creator  
who lives in the world.

She conforms to many things,  
others she alters by will.

Who knows where she will go next,  
for her dreams are invisible.

You see her in a linear fashion,  
for she is timely.

"What is it that you would like from me?

"The first thing,  
or perhaps the last thing,  
one notices upon returning  
to familiar territory,  
is that his or her present standing  
is now tempered by the weight  
of those many fateful journeys."

*One would hope,  
in following the formats  
of the media culture,  
that his or her art  
will ultimately be helpful.*

In expressing one's vision,  
let him or her not lean  
on darkness as a tool,  
for this will detriment  
the collective face put forth.

*When you intimate darkness,  
shadows,  
you lend the work  
a definite depth.*

It is also true

that no one who has really lived  
would be content  
with some kind  
of illusory promise  
of happiness.

*"Children know this,  
after all, by what is within.  
This is really the greatest secret of  
all."*

As has been promised,  
there is really only one knowledge,  
yet it is highly diversified.

It branches upward and outward thru  
time,  
expanding and redefining

it's own being-ness.

*By using innocence,  
sophistication, charms,  
and by having a certain handle  
on his or her own imperfection,  
one may in fact move the reader  
(or the listener.)*

What is required of the artist  
is not really that he be highly  
advanced,  
technology oriented,  
or in any way perfect.

*This is the failing  
of most of the arts in the West,  
I think.*



*We use sophisticated tools,  
and finely honed sensibilities  
to create 'perfect worlds.'*

The end result,  
I feel,  
is that audiences  
begin to mistrust.

*In my opinion, anyway,  
the best artists should lean heavily  
on the organic,  
the natural.*

Over-arching perfection  
should be avoided, naturally,  
because these seem to produce

bad reactions.

*Humans don't have business  
pretending to be perfect.*

So, then, what is needed,  
for this world of uncertainty,  
are those individuals  
who are willing to describe  
the natures of reality  
as they perceive it.

By enhancing,  
and enriching the known availability  
of 'metaphysical' or 'revalatory'  
literature,  
the child may yet find  
an amazing richness  
of exploratory potential.

The child is led  
to pick up this or that text,  
as his needs require.

This is a known fact.

He or she will lodge themselves  
firmly in the metaphysical section  
of his or her local library,

or bookstore.

Certain personalities  
will reach out to him  
across time and space,  
proffering clear truths.  
These are the places  
he or she will go.

*Children possess  
a keen truth-sense.*

*This is known.*

The innocent mind  
is a classical place,  
perhaps raised on a strong mixture  
of popular motifs.

*For this one,  
the standards will be very high.*

Illusion, deception  
will not be tolerated.

The child may yet have to pay  
a heavy fee to gain entrance into life.

Yet, along the way,  
particularly in the early phase  
of wonderment,  
he will learn much from books.

*These knowledges  
form his vocabulary.*

Although he or she must find reality

on his or her own terms,  
over time, it should be known  
that these early treasures  
will be stored away,  
and may be drawn upon later.

Of importance is the way  
such a one will observe  
that which 'has been done before,'  
that which 'may be done.'

In this way,  
he or she will have  
set guidelines  
for creative endeavors  
he may later begin.

Thru this way, too,

he will ultimately begin to be able  
to sort thru the subtle mysteries  
he or she will be confronted with later,  
and come to acquire  
his or her own philosophies.

Perhaps, somewhere along  
the journey of life,  
the experienced child  
will come to see that anyone,

and/or everyone  
may occasionally have the experience  
of being at the center  
of a temporal nexus.

*This is like being at the hub of a  
wheel.*

*It can be an intense place,  
where those around  
tend to lean toward 'collective logic,'  
that which replaces the rational  
with overblown emotions,  
or extreme coldness.*

This is really a basic level of  
dwelling,  
experienced within all cultures and  
religions,



schools of thought, philosophies,  
any intellectual world.

*One morning,  
the sophisticated child will awaken,  
and simply find that those around  
are deeply facinated,  
or worried, or perplexed,  
or preoccupied in some way  
with him or her.*

And what is the nature  
of this centering?

*It is highly simple,  
once you see it for what it is.*

Yes, even here in the modern world,

the ancient themes of myth,  
and archetype play out everywhere,  
everyday.

*Adults often enter this realm,  
then simply acknowledge the  
phenomenon,  
and move on.*

For the innocent child,  
who is deeply unwise  
to the ways of the world,  
it can be confusing,  
or even damning.

*This can be a heavy dose of reality,  
an intense slice of life.*

This is equivalent  
to the many varied extremes,  
the hard contrasts and conflicts  
of life itself...  
focusing inward upon the weak,  
the vulnerable,  
the one which may be defenseless.

*After all, life itself is a cruel thing,  
and no one is immune  
from the haunting spectre of death.  
All those who dwell beneath the sky  
must in time carve out  
their own unique relationship  
with the heavens.*

Society, in it's collective wisdoms,  
tells us that such centering,

when it emerges,  
can be seen a signal to the majority,  
alerting them to the one  
who is in a period of growth,  
change, transformation,  
heightened perceptions,  
danger, or fear.

*One but hopes that times of  
tribulation  
or darkness will not defeat those  
of younger dimension,  
but will call forth from them  
a more mature understanding,  
coping mechanisms,  
which may allow them a sense  
of completion, and renewal.*

These things possess a soul.  
These are glimpses of efficiency,  
self knowledge,  
playfulness, and sexuality,  
expressed in free-form...  
*improvisationally.*

*As compact units of thought,  
such expressions might be thought of  
as 'quanta' of light,  
packets of energy in space...*

*thought jazz.*

We who flow thru these spaces,  
as enlivened beings of love,  
and hope,  
surely announce life,  
continually attracting in kind  
through our strangeness,  
depth, and mystery...  
our charms, and magic.

*And look, now,  
at what every life possesses!  
Hidden in the deeps,  
rising forth as summoned,  
binding hearts solidly,  
challenging the emptyness  
of the void.*

New life,  
fulfillment thru dreams,  
and every comprehension,  
all that is known...  
these form the spirits of mankind.

*Limitless as that from which  
we ourselves are formed,  
the kindred visions of men and women  
directly challenge the unknown,  
while spinning out mysterious  
complexities.*

'Everyman' possesses the inherent  
tools  
for this re-interpretation.  
Thru the following of dreams,

anyone may dispell  
his or her collective longings.

*Somehow... within purest bliss,  
a doorway is formed, a potential life,  
thru which ancestral subtext in time  
might blend...  
blossoming out  
into a physical being.*

All those of Earth  
honor this universal format  
for the creation of life.

*Somewhere far below,  
way down there,  
on the deepest,  
most removed place*



*in this material sphere,  
there dwells also  
a hidden realm.*

Countless etherial forms  
forever articulate themselves  
out beyond and throughout  
this interior threshold,  
this field, or ground.

*As individuality expresses itself  
out amongst 'dance,'  
group consciousness may take hold,  
and any and all concepts  
may find their own relationships...  
their own possibilities and openings...  
as willpower and mindset  
channel doorways and songs*

*into existence.*

*By reaching deep within  
one's own self,  
there may be found expressions  
of genuine benefit.*

*Is this not true?*

The child should,  
of a course,

just know that he or she  
will traverse many rocky landscapes  
on the trail of life.

Far and above  
that which he or she will be aware of  
in the present,  
this will be the terrain  
within which he will learn  
the ways of love, hate,  
mind, heart,  
loneliness, honesty,  
authority, bliss,  
society, accomplishment,  
peace... all these forms.

This which the modern world  
will ask of you will be

that you be 'real.'

You, too, may possess  
an artistic voice,  
thru which classic motifs  
might be portrayed.

*The child wants  
to come into an understanding  
of those around  
him or her, and in time,  
begin to understand  
his own being.*

Many, many complex meanings,  
and understandings  
have to be acquired  
along the way.

*You must familiarize yourself  
with the ways of life.*

To suppose that this will be  
a simple 'thing'  
is to be mistaken.

The only real teacher is 'time.'  
This can lend 'experience;'  
thru such a gift,  
anyone can familiarize himself or  
herself  
with reality.

*There is really but one knowledge,  
yet it is highly diversified.*

The substance of culture,  
in a way,  
is delved out of that One,  
yet is ever-branching upward,  
outward.

Those careful dimensions  
of multiplicity, of necessity,  
are the children of life;

in a sense,  
partners to mystery.

Perhaps it could be said  
that the particular One  
has been launched,  
and thru life dances into infinity.  
As oak trees grow in the forest,  
so imagination lingers.

Man makes rites,  
for this must be reflections  
of the One.

Man makes love,  
as component essence  
of that One, ever since.

Are the many formed of the One?

Are these, in fact,  
the children of eternity,  
progeny of that which  
has always been,  
and always will be?

These questions are of  
the hazy and distant past,  
that which flees freely  
from one's self.

But dwelling here,  
in the living present,  
I see that the spirits  
of mankind  
may be more like eternal *subjects*  
for the infinite,



counterparts for the dynamic Universe  
itself.

That is perhaps  
my dominant thought on this.

Perhaps, all of us arrive here  
from alternate dimension(s),  
as freer components  
of different lands.

I tend to think  
that such ways of thinking  
are highly appropriate,  
for the living.

Perhaps one needn't ask, really,  
where new people come from,

upon imagining that there  
are more and more each day.

For, can there really be any end to  
birth?

To life?

I think not,  
within the spheres of the all.

Now what one would win,  
over time,

will be the personal affections  
of his or her deity.

*Deity, for myself,  
is life itself.*

This, really is what adults do.  
We all want to stand out  
in god's eyes.

*All believe in god.*

The substance of some  
spills out into the lives  
of the many.

It's thru this  
that we have the culture

of creativity.

Creation flows from within,  
from peoples inner relationships.

*Just look around you,  
at the accomplishments  
of the Western world.*

The many material schemes of society  
are all born from interior relationships.

This is the 'commodity'  
that has been written about.

*In my mind, anyway,  
the main enablers of society  
are the architects,*

*builders, and suppliers  
who give us places to live and work.*

The engineers of any material  
commodity  
allow people to feel comfortable  
and live their lives.

Examples: The celebrities...  
artists, writers, poets, and musicians  
who inspire us to relax,  
and to enrich ourselves.

More likely than not,  
as you read this,  
you are just cultivating oneness  
in your personal life.

People get great pleasure  
from exploring current thought,  
as it filters in to their living rooms  
thru media channels.

Certain personality cycles  
may be observed  
as pop icons evolve.

This particular reading material  
is not intended for the eyes  
of those who know already, no.

*Instead, it is for the strict substantive  
purpose  
of expanding the minds and  
vocabularies  
of those ones who wonder.*

Looking only into the knowledges  
he or she possesses of reality,  
anyone may expionate his  
understanding,  
and arrive at his or her required  
standing.

The essence to art, and free  
expression,  
as given thru any kind of 'peoples' art,

or 'folk' expression,  
is that within these similar spheres,  
what is given of the artist, the  
craftsman,  
is not necessarily that he or she  
be technically proficient,  
or 'classically trained,'  
at all.

*The folk artist simply dances  
within the same 'basic' realm  
as any other artist  
who has ever lived.*

This is the primal ground of being,  
that which connects all life, and  
matter.



By putting together any kind  
of personal expression,  
and placing it, so to speak,  
within a 'frame,' or upon a pedestal,  
that particular inanimate object  
then becomes charged with energies,  
and thus assumes a voice,  
and *speaks*.

He has then formed 'art.'

The folk artist,  
while drawing directly from his or her  
own heredity, and experiences,  
forms expressions more or less free  
from cultural glaze, or embellishment,  
while yet expressing himself  
directly out into

humanity as a whole.

*He or she thus simply partakes  
from a tradition  
which stretches back  
into the dawn of mankind.*

He reveals this 'reactive' creation  
to but a few individuals,  
yet it somehow grafts itself  
within the greater whole.

*Art can be your 'access panel'  
into your own personal 'underworld.'*

Somehow, the transpersonal voyager  
deftly accesses the deep slow morph  
of the Universe,

while yet remaining  
within the spheres of the living.

One may draw his earthly benefits  
wholy from his or her transformative  
abilities

within *the unseen* realm,  
while really being ambivalent  
about any documented success.

Thru an adaaquate perception  
of the depth of his or her reality,  
the moment,  
one comes to understand  
that with such a firm foundation,  
he or she may find  
that his material standing will  
improve.

Benefits may then flow in to his life,  
magic may be accomplished easier,  
and bad things will happen less often.

*The trick to understanding this  
comes when you see how everything  
is closely bound up together,  
into one ever-connected,  
inter-evolving whole,  
where all space is unified.*

Generous and many  
are the expressions  
which have emerged  
from the mind of the child.

Perhaps these may shed new light  
on the age-old question,  
'what must I do  
to have what others have?'

One must know here,  
that what you want,  
that which you have already seen  
in certain areas of the world around  
you,  
is definitely *not* the same thing  
as what *everybody* else has.

Although to be mature invokes  
connectivity,  
not only amongst other men and  
women,  
but space itself,  
this connectivity,  
or perhaps 'creative inspiration,'  
'craftiness,'  
is not the sole goal of most.

Somewhere else, entirely,  
it is the *inclusive* goal,  
that of the deep journey within,  
which you espouse,  
or seek to find.

That which you have known always

has been the soft and the gently  
nursing.

Parental authority has been your god.

Whatever your past,  
the ancient myths and rites  
are as alive now  
as they have ever been.

*This is secret knowledge for you.*

They lay not within the known,  
but in God's kingdom,  
the realm of aliens and  
extraterrestrials...  
in the very deep spaces everywhere,  
always.

It is for this ever-present reason  
that they may begin emerging  
from the mind of any and all men  
as one requests this of them.

Your self-reinforcing ego  
will tell you that this  
will be something that you will bring  
from out of yourself alone,  
but I assure you  
it won't work that way.

*'Myths and rites  
form the substantive backbone  
of adult society,  
and they always flow  
of their own energies,  
their own accord.'* --The Old Master



Mankind has had  
to learn about these things by  
observation,  
of how they flow,  
how and when they emerge,  
and reactions which they evoke.

That which I have stated,  
I must say again:

*The journey is long,  
and is full of contrast,  
and sameness.*

One must come to open  
his or her eyes to those around him,  
and in time,

begin to understand  
his own self.

Thru this process  
he or she may transform  
his apparent karma, or caste,  
and become real party  
to the evolving spheres  
of the universe.

Gentleness and Compassion  
must be the two rules  
for the child who would learn.

Danger is present continually,  
so travel slowly, thoughtfully,  
mindful of both inner and outer  
realms.

Give it a dozen years or so, to form.  
Vision arises in time.

Going forward into all of life,  
the swift one travels far.

Looking not unto the past for re-  
imbursement,  
save his or her own right-minded  
accomplishments,

he or she might, in time,  
find that he does offer genuine  
benefits.

There are really two possibilities  
which may come to be.

The first one is that  
much will be accomplished.

The second is that little  
will be accomplished.

These darknesses  
which seem to drive  
our inherent creativity have,  
really to be embraced  
on some level.

Perhaps by coming to aquire

some of their deep challenging  
sophistication,  
anyone might in time  
level his or her  
collective un-evenness.

One may sense  
that his own life is somewhat  
challenged by *life itself*.

However, all along,  
he indeed shows that he possesses  
the perseverance to both bite back  
against those who might vex him,  
and navigate the subtle darknesses  
which would enter.

This one also finds

that his life carries a hefty crew  
of naysayers about itself always.

Resulting from their projected  
darknesses,  
he continually speaks of the truth,  
so as to help others  
who might find similar flows  
around themselves.

He or she comes to be a proclaimer,  
of sorts, speaking directly against  
injustice,  
for in fact this is what he perceives  
in the actions of those around.

His is a gift, to be sure.  
Would his words be published,

and viewed by those in need of  
assistance,  
genuine connections could be  
established  
with minds the world over.

*Those who would deceive  
depend solely upon the willingness  
of another to be deceived.*

This is the truth.

Those who reject deception inherently  
will discourage others from deceiving  
them.

Although one is led  
into that which he needs to see,  
deception is everywhere.

One should seek  
to understand it  
in any of it's manifestations.

That which occurs in the world  
is often seen to flow  
from the substantive authority of  
children,  
who exert deeply



into their spheres as adults do.

*Their influence can be thought of  
as an invisible force.*

Lovers and romantics,  
dreamers and artists  
may loose sight  
of these vital truths.

For in dreams,  
things tend to be magical,  
unreal.

Over here, in the material world,  
we have to work to make progress.

Those who refuse to bring newness

into the world  
are seen by us as non-conformist,  
lacking devotion.

Their opinions and judgments  
are disregarded as folly.

The time one takes to create  
is this time he or she communes  
with the Universe.

The messages any one finds from  
within  
are not in the same league as  
physicality,  
prejudices, irrationality, and lies.

They are simply honest, and innocent.

Lies are the temporal mutations  
brought about by belief in falsehood,  
as expressed over time thru heredity.

One might at times find themselves  
compensating for  
their own gestures and expressions.

At other times  
he or she might find linear  
comprehension  
from amongst these components of  
themselves.

Finally, any religious text  
may contain many sharp stings,  
perhaps many tests, and challenges.

These express themselves across the  
eons,  
flowing outward into this sphere  
in the form of intellectual mutation.

*Only by making a strict philosophical  
break  
with his or her past  
may one tangibly improve  
his or her life standing.*

Would one purge  
his or her collective darknesses,  
he or she might start by making  
intent manifest gestures into the  
realms of lightness,  
and compassion...  
directly away from such darkness.

*One needs a vision,  
an inner source, or guide,  
and a willingness to make changes  
in his or her own self.*

This is having an 'inner critic.'  
This gets you straight.  
Gets you in line with life as a whole,  
with those who quickly take care  
to align themselves with the winning  
side.

In wondering who themselves are,  
ascertainment can always be gained  
by the conjuring of an innocent,  
natural flow outward  
into the material sphere...

Knowledge of such is gained  
by experience, patience and practice.

The woman herself  
can't be grasped, manually.

She is beyond all appearances.

While she plays, like a child,  
hers is simply a real existence...

all within.

Even within her great,  
overflowing innocence,  
there dwells also a sophistication  
born of the generations.

'I do not know whose mother it is.'

Perhaps this is a diva.

But the ever- trying  
'mysterious feminine'  
must be a lover, also.

She dwells within.

You can't really hear her,

yet she also dances.

She is one of the  
'dreams, where the contents are  
visible.'

It is thru her great patience and  
perseverance  
that we arrive at destinations.

Much is given  
thru her genuine mindfulness.

No mis-steps are allowed.

As long as one does  
the smart paths,  
she is content within herself.



Stray, and she exerts,  
to bring you back.

I myself have something 'real' in my  
life.

Men are crazy.

(Most people really try and do the  
best.)

Therefore, she is always on task.

It is due to her ever-present  
conscientiousness  
that we, anyone at all, may grow.

Knowing how we all  
are wrapped in mystery,  
it must be known that this, too,  
may assume a voice,  
and speak.

The sensibilities of sound,  
spirit, mindfulness, logic,  
all that flows from somewhere,  
within...  
these are not beyond apprehension.

In knowing one's own self,  
one enters fully into the flow of life,  
and becomes vital component  
of greater spheres.

Anyone may learn to take great care  
in all of life,  
for this is the path which benefits  
such a one's own self.

Really, the only thing separating  
the weak from the strong  
is genuine mindfulness.

Knowing how all we do  
can affect future realities,  
the mature adult seeks neatness,  
order, and hamony,

and clings stridently  
to interior peace.

You who seem  
tossed upon stormy seas,  
while longing after a vision of love...  
you who are deeply isolated  
from those around you,  
you who must gradually return  
to your spiritual family...  
you need only time.

Transformation will be effected,  
and within the spirit of wisdom  
comes some discipline,  
hope for a real 'art' of your own,  
the deep tangible connectivity  
with those around your self,

and with empty space itself.

Being able to see clear thru  
into other's hearts and minds,  
you will be better able to relax,  
and nurture the simple dreams,  
humility and grace,  
and love will come  
of it's own accord.

While the adult knows his own mind,  
and heart,  
the child may be driven  
by unknown forces.

While you yourself  
may be reading these words,  
who is it who is speaking them?

While you may not  
have found the answer  
to the last question,  
by looking within,  
some benefit may be discovered.

After time has passed,  
and you yourself are one,  
there might be found, too,  
those who can guide  
one such as yourself.

Isn't this what is really desired,  
a guide?

By knowing from where knowledge  
flows,

and who the dancers are,  
the inner dance...  
anyone can touch  
an honest truth.

The touch of a woman,  
in its intrinsic beingness,  
may be called forth at any time.

The one who knows  
that which he or she loves

is truly blessed.

The who would learn should,  
over time, practice  
stream-of-consciousness writing,  
or music...  
understanding can be gained,  
in time.

The things one knows  
are the product of experience,  
and enabelling.

One might wonder, here:  
How does one know insight?  
How can it be illustrated?  
Perhaps, this which we all aspire to  
is illustrious 'mandate.'



Everywhere in the whole world,  
those who follow the trends,  
you, too can form component thought  
of Spirit, and mindfulness.

Knowing folk art,  
and simple technology,  
without many 'flourishes,'  
you'll also find the 'dream.'

While dreams are 'real,'  
what really makes them sensible is  
this:

the single individual can transform  
the whole of current thought,  
simply by being led to believe  
he or she has done so.

The writer finds a level of satisfaction  
in the quiet, obscure flowing  
of his words.

He cherishes them,  
while connecting paragraphs  
and possibilities together  
onto his pages.

Anyone can locate  
a separate peace,  
this which brings him or her  
recurring joy.

To access the living face  
of his or her own reality  
may take the conjuring  
of an organic, natural flowing  
outward into the material sphere.

It may occasionally become  
necessary  
to break one's ties with his or her  
surroundings,  
and fully allow the inner colors to  
dance,  
shedding light.

The world falls away  
as one becomes attuned  
with his or her within.

Hidden things begin to flow inward  
from the greater spheres,  
and it may also become possible  
to access them.

These things,  
which any adult can accomplish, in  
time,  
are the manifestations of a deeper  
reality.

Perhaps, it could be said that  
the writer's art is really a game of

faith.

Yet it's true that the best writing  
is always born out of a deep  
connectivity  
with empty space.

This can be like having a good  
'relationship.'

This is not freely given.

For myself, anyway,  
something of a journey  
had to be accomplished, first,  
before benefit could be shown.

While thought may be formed

at most any time,  
it is the tangible apprehension  
of this process  
which can make it truly pleasurable.

This is the difference between  
an empty, and a full vessel.

One contains substance,  
this which therefore can be touched,  
handled.

Lovers may know many beautiful  
truths,  
solely by that which is within.

It is thru the manifesting  
of this apparition that beauty

can be attained.

And what if the sacred bird were to  
fly?

Just what would come to be  
if the well of inspiration ran dry?

Doubts such as these  
may bother the creative one  
who has just finished a large project.

I guess, really, there can be no  
'finishing'  
of the project that is 'creativity.'  
This one tends to build on itself,  
going further and further outward.

Following a large completion, just  
rest!

There can be no harm done  
if mindfulness is maintained.

You will begin again  
as the time becomes apparent.

Recent past accomplishments  
will have a flourishing spirit  
within temporal parameters.



Therefore, new efforts may seem  
small,  
and insignificant.

The problem with knowledge  
is that it tends to project itself  
outward,  
making others appear more wise,  
or enlightened than they may be.  
This is particularly problematic with  
children.

Children possess keen empathic  
senses,  
emotive sensitivity.

Yet they lack the names and numbers  
to describe that which they see.

Therefore, one has to assume  
that they are not very conscious  
of that beauty which they possess.

Try and be their voice.

Articulate that which they already  
possess.

Thru this way one may win their  
respect.

Now that all of that has been said,  
one may go forward into all of  
existence,  
merrily doubting all but the most  
proven certainties.

*If there is any one child  
who carries the myths of the Universe  
in his or her heart,  
then may that one  
just exercise his continuing theme.*

Now, as later,  
we all find benefit.

In fact, we all must quest after such  
benefits,  
those things which provide us each  
with bliss.

All find sustenance anywhere,  
yet cling mostly to the tried and true.

The highly practiced ones  
are known to be masters of illusion.

*All travel the paths they know.*

For some, this will be of one thing,  
for another, something entirely  
different.

Of vast importance is the need

for locating these keys  
for one's own self,  
and adhering solidly  
to these things.

Necessity is the mother of invention.  
One looks for constants in life,  
and when a universal constant  
is found within the infinitely varied  
patterns of nature,

a pattern within a pattern,  
then it could be said that  
one has found a landmark,  
a signpost that can be located  
again and again.

It is only as new features emerge  
from the visible surface of life  
that mystery becomes apparent.

With perseverance,  
new signs can be found,  
and thus human knowledge may grow.

In the time it takes  
to speak these words,  
I will have settled  
into the leaves,  
in this clearing...  
*flickering with light...*  
and this smoke...  
*drifting into my eyes...*

As rising trees...  
spinning wind...  
whispered voices...  
*ascend along the sky...*

while we alone,  
our memories,  
the fire,  
this realm,  
and the future  
*are cradled here,  
together, in the night.*